



BY C. & C. ZARLEY.

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SPEAK NOT HARSHLY.

BY MISS JULIA A. FLETCHER.

Speak not harshly—much of care
Every human heart must bear;
Enough of shadows sadly play
Around the very sunniest way;
Enough of sorrows darkly lie
Veiled within the merriest eye,
By thy childhood's gushing tears—
By the grief of after years—
By the anguish thou dost know,
Add not to another's woe!

Speak not harshly—much of sin
Dwelleth every heart within;
In its closely covered cells
Many a wayward passion dwells.
By the many hours mispent—
By the gifts to error lent—
By the good thou hast not done,
With a lenient spirit scan
The weakness of thy brother man!

Think now that he doth not esel,
That his soul is cased in steel;
Though no passion fires his eye,
Though he bears without reply,
Or a cold and careless smile
Lingers on the lip the while,
Many a bitter pang doth pride,
Or a christian patience hide,
That he bears unarmingly
Offers no excuse for these.

Speak not harshly—there may yet
Come an hour of mild regret;
When, with deep and bitter wailing,
And with anguish unavailing,
Thou beside thy dying friend,
May for pardon lowly bend.
Do not act that thou wilt rue
In the moment of adieu;
Speak no word thou'lt wish unsaid
When thy friend is with the dead.

CHARGE OF COL. MILLER.

BY EUGENE ST. CLAIR.

At this time, when the attention of Americans is directed to the brilliant charge of Captain May, on the field of Resaca de la Palma, it may not be inappropriate to call the recollection of the glorious achievement of Colonel Miller, at the battle of Niagara, on the thirtieth of July, 1814. The capture of Lundy's Heights, by the renowned American Colonel, may justly be recorded as one of the most fierce and desperate accomplishments in modern history. Neither the advance of the old guard, on the well contested plains of Waterloo, nor the overwhelming charge of Macdonald on the Austrian centre of Wagram, surpassed it.

The unshaken obstinacy with which the British army had maintained its whole position, the oft repeated futile attempt of the American troops to force it, and the awful loss sustained by the assailants from the fatal aim of the batteries of the English centre, at length determined General Brown to make a bold dash at the enemy's right wing, and under cover of this attack to pierce their centre with a choice detachment. The latter duty was assigned to Col. James Miller of the 21st.

At ten o'clock in the evening, this regiment broke from the line, amid loud cheers from the American centre, and passed quickly forward in the direction of Lundy's Hill, to assail the very key of the British position, crushing and overwhelming the opposing masses of English infantry. The gallant Americans neared the heights, with tremendous shouts, while the British battalions melted away before them like mountains of snow beneath the rays of a tropical sun.

But the flight stops—the carnage almost ceases—and now a wild cheer runs along the British line, and is heard above the terrible cannonade and the continual peal of small arms. In an instant the heights are enveloped in thick, dark clouds of smoke. Two batteries of the reserve have planted and unlimbered their pieces to arrest the progress of the American column. For the support of the artillery, six battalions of the veterans of the Peninsula advance—to meet their first defeat. The loud rattling of their drums and the repeated cries of "God save the King," announces to the assailants this fearful resistance. By the time the tall shakoos of the Grenadiers heading the columns were perceived, the Americans were assailed with a tempest of rockets, grape, shot and shells, while their right was furiously attacked by two British regiments; but the column of assault still pressed forward. The English General called upon his Indian allies; but these men were so impressed with the terrors of the fight that they fled in dismay.

Col. Miller had now reached the summit of the heights, & the 21st was thrown into a close column of companies. The men were out of breath and much exhausted, but the Colonel hurried them on. In attempting a charge of bayonets, the fresh and much superior force of the enemy broke through the American ranks, and compelled the whole regiment to abandon its ground and fall back in confusion to the verge of the hill. All seemed lost; but, by the heroic efforts of the Colonel, the flight was stopped, the soldiers ashamed of their conduct were once more formed, and the regiment put in motion. Again the 21st swept all before it, and pressed to the very muzzles of the

British guns; but the cannoniers, inspired with a kind of frenzy, stood firm, and with unequalled energy, worked their pieces like madmen. The English infantry, viewing the conduct of the gunners as a presage of success, rallied and once more drove back the American column. At the verge of the heights the Americans again obtained the supremacy; but the victory cost the 21st so dear, that Colonel Miller sent for reinforcements. Joined by the light companies of the 17th and 19th regiments, Colonel Miller for the last time, ordered the advance. The troops resolved to conquer or perish; and the column rolled up the hill, and advanced on the gunners. The terrible fire of the British artillery tore thro' the American ranks and destroyed whole files at once; but the guns were soon to change hands. The American soldiers came rushing up, dashed over the enemy's entrenchments, and commenced the work of death at close quarters—hand to hand they fought with the desperate English. In vain did the veterans of the peninsula, whose bayonets had freed Spain and Portugal from the iron grasp of Bonaparte, resort to their favorite weapon; the battalions of the reserve were thrown into confusion, the ranks were forced in all directions, and after a desperate conflict the British gave way. Only one battalion of grenadiers remained to dispute the field; this was the Prince Regent's Regiment, commanded by the Marquis of Tweedale, who reminded the men of their conduct under Wellington, and led them to the charge, but the advance was ineffectual. The shock of the American column overwhelmed them with confusion; and, unable to stem the torrent, the English fled taking with them nearly all the artillery; the horses of the remaining guns were shot, and the pieces fell into the hands of the invaders. The Americans, trampling upon all who dared oppose them, at last overtook the artillery; but the cannoniers gathered round their pieces and fought with frantic devotion giving a useless display of valor, the most of them being either captured or "laid with their faces upward."

At this stage of the battle, only a few files of the 21st remained; these, disfigured, covered with dust, and blackened with gunpowder, waved their torn colors and shouted VICTORY!!

The Road to Mexico.

CITY OF JALAPA.

The city itself is upon a high hill—highest in the centre, so that the streets incline considerably; so much so, that no wheeled vehicle can pass along any of them except the main street or road, which has a considerable rise and descent. The city is surrounded by a wall, and has a strongly built church near the western gate, which could be converted into a citadel. The streets are paved. The houses, as in other Mexican towns, are of stone, with flat roofs and iron-barred windows. Opposite the city on the left of the road, is a hill from which the road might be annoyed, and shells thrown into the town; the road is a handsome and substantial structure of checked pavement, and must have been very costly.

PEROTE AND ITS CASTLE.

At the base of a high mountain, bearing the same name, some distance from the road on the left, is a cluster of houses with a church, called Perote. Opposite, on the right of the road, and commanding it in every direction, stands the castle. It is upon a flat sandy plain, strongly built of stone, and encircled by a deep dry fosse, or ditch. The main entrance is by going over a *chateau de frize* by a stile, descending some twenty-five or thirty stone steps to the bottom of the fosse, and crossing it to the gates, which are on a level with the bottom. The population of Perote is estimated at 8000; it is a fine little city, the houses are generally of one story built of stone and covered with terraces; the principal street is remarkably fine, the others are wide and paved. On a market day, it is really astonishing to see the great variety of the best fruits of Europe, and of the tropics, piled around the square. On leaving the Perote you pass through extensive plantations of Maguë (Aloe.)

CITY OF PUEBLA.

This city is walled and fortified. It is built of stone; and the streets are well paved. Here water is abundant, but from the National Bridge to this place no water can be obtained—the natives substituting *pulque* as a beverage. From Jalapa to Puebla there are occasional heights near the road, which, if fortified, might annoy invaders. In fact, from Vera Cruz to Puebla this is the case—the travel being alternately over broad unobstructed roads and narrow passes, commanded by heights. The road passes through Puebla. The Pueblanos have a particular character; they are cunning and courageous, and the most expert robbers and assassins throughout Mexico, where there is no lack of such. If an offender is brought before an Alcalde, any where else, and is known or ascertained to be a Pueblano, his condemnation is sure.—Puebla is situated at the extremity of a very large plain, on the Vera Cruz side; its population is estimated at 80,000 souls; the streets are parallel, and very wide and well paved—the houses built of stone, and

covered with terraces, and two and three story high, are remarkably fine. The public place would be admired in almost any part of the world—it is a perfect square, facing it stands the cathedral; on three other sides are magnificent palaces. There are many other edifices strikingly admired for their beauty. There are few churches in the world more magnificently ornamented than the cathedral of this city. All the chandeliers and lamps, which are in great numbers, are of massive gold or silver; the dome is in marble of the country of great beauty and fine workmanship. There are ten chapels, richly decorated, and closed each of them with an iron gate door of very great height, and of the finest finish.

This church was finished in 1808, and is said to have cost \$6,000,000. There are also many other very fine churches. The Almeida, or public walk is very well kept. It is composed of three alleys (of 500 to 600 feet each) of poplars and other fine trees, and is surrounded by a wall, at the foot of which runs a fine little stream of water. There are a good many fountains in different parts of the city, and a few jets d'eau, of water spouts. Few cities in Europe are finer than Puebla; but much cannot be said for the population, which, since the late expulsion of the European Spaniards, who were by far the most intelligent and industrious portion of it, leaves a curious contrast between the present occupants of public and private edifices indicating the highest state of civilization. The same may be said of the whole population bordering the road from Vera Cruz to the city. Time will no doubt correct this.

CORDOVA.

A small walled and garrisoned town, through which the road passes. Beyond Puebla the road is good till it reaches the mountain of Cordova, about midway between the former and the city of Mexico, where the ascent is very rugged and steep though without defiles. Near the road at the foot of this mountain, passes the Rio Frio, or Cold River, which has its rise in the neighboring mountain of Popocatepetl, 17,000 feet above the level of the sea. A work on some of heights of Popocatepetl would command the road. After leaving the mountain of Cordova, the road is good and unobstructed, with plenty of water to the city of Mexico. For several miles before reaching that city the road is delightful, passing between parallel canals and rows of Lombardy poplars. This point is to be occupied by General Worth, for the purpose of guarding the southern road from Puebla.

THE LAKE OF TEZUCCO.

This lake commences on the right of the road, near the city, into which its waters are carried by a canal, the latter serving also to drain the gutters, &c. into the lake. The so-called lake is a large, long, and very irregularly shaped basin, shallow, and containing numerous small islands, and covered by myriads of wild ducks. The depth of water varies with the season; in the rainy months the basin is filled, and then it assumes the appearance of a large lake. Being the receptacle of all the drainage from the city, it is very filthy. The canal from the city passes through it, fed by its waters, five or six miles in a south-east direction to the small fort of Chalco, at the extreme margin of the basin in that direction. The canal is used for transporting produce into the city, and for pleasure excursions in gondolas, &c.

CITY OF MEXICO.

Like all other Mexican cities, this has walls and houses of stone, with flat roofs, &c. It is well paved; a gutter four feet wide passes through the centre of each street, covered by broad flag stones, removable at pleasure. All the gutters are drained into the canal or lake. The city has many large and strong churches and other great buildings, easily converted into fortresses. If its walls were repaired, mounted with cannon, and well garrisoned, it could make a formidable resistance to besiegers. During the festival days, which are very numerous, the haciendas for 20 or 30 miles around send into the city not less than 10,000 mounted peasantry of the better class, most expert horsemen. They are courageous, and skillful in the use of the lance, lasso and machete, which is a large and heavy knife. Nothing more would be necessary than for the *padres* to go forth into the streets of the principal cities, particularly Puebla and Mexico, elevate their crosses, and appeal to the bigotry of the population, to rally an immense force of bold, active and desperate men, who would make fierce resistance to an invasion. And if invaders should force their way in, assassinations, by the hands of so many expert murderers, would soon make fearful inroads on their numbers.

A friend of ours, a jolly son of Neptune, was once telling over his yarns to an old lady, most of which were true. Says she, "Ah, Jack, you needn't think I'm going to believe them stories of yours."
"Well," says Jack, nothing daunted, "one morning, when we lay in the Red Sea, we hoisted the anchor, and there was one of Pharaoh's chariot wheels attached to it!"
"Well, I believe that," said the old lady, "for I've read about Pharaoh and his chariot in the bible!"

From the Sangamo Journal.

OREGON—Original.

An account of the Valley of the Wallamette, by HAMILTON CAMPBELL, a resident eight years in the Valley of the Wallamette—Climate, &c.

The climate is very mild, comparing the different seasons one with another. It is sometimes the case that we have what we call severe winter. These are not frequent. When one does come we are usually unprepared for it; that is, our potatoes are to be found exposed to severe frost.

The climate is very mild and agreeable sometimes it is thought to be relaxing—and at such seasons men cannot perform as much labor as in a more rigorous climate. There is not an even temperature of the atmosphere in winter or Summer; but varies considerably. Sometimes the month of September exhibits a very even and agreeable temperature, except the nights, which are cool. Indeed, the nights are cool and pleasant throughout the summer season. The rains usually commence in the latter part of September, when most desired, and continue, more or less, till May or June. Some seasons we have rains even later.

Generally the winters are very mild;—so much so that scarcely any snow is seen in the valley. Occasionally the evenings are cool enough to freeze a little; but I have experienced as severe a winter in Oregon as in Illinois—it was remarkable. The Columbia and Wallamette rivers were frozen so hard that teams were able to cross over and back upon the ice. The weather for a time was so severe, that pigs were frozen, and potatoes and most kinds of garden vegetables were spoiled. Occasionally we have a week or two at a time in winter of as fine and agreeable weather as summer ever furnished; but as a general thing the winter seasons are changeable, though the changes are not as great as in the Atlantic States. In the winter we have mud, instead of snow and frozen ground. The people of Illinois know what traveling in mud is. We have occasionally to pry our wagons out of the mud, and if riding on horseback, to help our horses out of the mire. But as the country becomes trodden down by stock, we shall be able to get about in winter season with more comfort. I wonder the mud is not worse than it is—for the earth is perfectly saturated with water.

The first part of the summer and fall are the most pleasant parts of the year. The sun is oppressively hot in the month of August, from 12 o'clock till 4 P. M. The mornings are cool and pleasant, and after the sea-breeze breaks upon us in the afternoon, and especially about sunset, we begin to look around for a coat, and even a blanket coat often does better than a thin one; and when night comes blankets are very acceptable to sleep under.

It is sometimes the case that the heat of summer is interrupted by cool days. This happens when the wind blows from snow mountains; and a good woolen coat answers an admirable purpose at such a time. On such occasions, the wind may change in the early part of the day, and a portion of the afternoon be uncomfortably warm. But the cool nights are a luxury that our friends in the States would be eager to enjoy—and I am constrained to believe that they contribute much to the health of Oregon. These cool nights and refreshing breezes are a great promotive and security for health.

It will thus be seen in respect to climate, that Oregon is not a perfect paradise; but it is better than that of most countries. The mud and water in winter is an objection; but for this we have an effectual and satisfactory offset;—and it is this:—The great burden of providing for stock is not known in Oregon. The rains are necessary to cover its plains with rich grasses and clover for stock. This matter, therefore, viewed in its proper light, will decidedly preponderate in favor of Oregon;—and we shall content ourselves to get wet and muddy occasionally, rather than undergo the hardship of raising fodder and grain for stock and feeding out the same to them in winter. The rains of Oregon, to most constitutions are very healthy.

THE TREASON-CRY OF DISSOLUTION.—Senator Houston, of Texas, made an able and patriotic speech in the late United States Senate on the war. At the conclusion he thus eloquently noticed the treason-cry of dissolution of our glorious Union, raised in some unpatriotic quarters:—*Chicago Dem.*

As to the fears which had been expressed about the dissolution of the Union, he trusted they were groundless. He believed there was patriotism enough left in the country to save them from such a calamity. Disunion! he could not bear the thought. Let not the name of Texas—his home—the last to be incorporated into the Union—be blasphemed by the word! Let not the Union be severed. The boon they possessed was too rich, too mighty, and too grand—the sum of human happiness they enjoyed too great—the amount of liberty too precious! Why sever it? Were not the north dependant upon the south? Were not the south dependant upon the north? Would it not be to each a suicidal act—to both destruction!

Mason and Dixon's Line.

As we presume that many of our readers are not aware of the origin and purpose of this line, we shall give an account of its origin, as it is of interest just at this time. The Albany Journal thus describes it:

As early as the year 1682, a dispute arose between William Penn and Lord Baltimore respecting the construction of their respective grants, of what now form the States of Pennsylvania, Delaware and Maryland. Lord Baltimore claimed to and including the 40th degree of north latitude; and William Penn, mildly, yet firmly, resisted the claim. The debatable land was one degree of 69 English miles on the south of Pennsylvania, and extended west as far as the State itself. The matter was finally brought into the Court of Chancery in England, and after tedious delays, on the 15th day of May, 1750 Lord Chancellor Hardwick made a decree awarding costs against Lord Baltimore, and directing that commissioners should be appointed to mark the boundaries between the parties. The commissioners so appointed, met at New-castle on the 15th of November, 1775, and not being able to agree, separated. After a further litigation and delay, the whole matter was settled by mutual agreement among the surviving heirs of the original litigants.

In the year 1761, Mr. Charles Mason, of the Royal Observatory, was sent to Pennsylvania with all the needful astronomical instruments to measure a degree of latitude. The duty he performed, and a report of his proceedings was made to the Royal Society of London, for the year 1767.

This Mr. Mason and Jeremiah Dixon, were appointed to run the line in dispute, which appears to have been done in conformity with the Lord Chancellor's decree. This is the famous "Mason and Dixon's Line," and the boundary between Pennsylvania, on the south, and Maryland on the north. Any one desirous of more detailed information, will find it in Douglas' History of America, published in Boston in 1751; Proud's History of Pennsylvania, the Memoirs of the Historical Society of Pennsylvania, 1 Vesey's reports, 352, Penn., Lord Baltimore.

Little did the actors in this matter think that in aftertimes, the line established with so much trouble and expense, would ever be connected with a subject calculated to shake a great nation to the centre.—*American Statesman.*

The Manufacturers.

There is occasionally to be found among the manufacturers a man who will honestly avow the truth in the face of his associates in business. Such men should be pointed out as worthy of the support and confidence of the public. Notwithstanding the constant cry of ruin by the gentlemen engaged in manufactures, in view of the Democratic policy, the Hartford Times tells us that a gentleman of that place who has a large capital invested in manufacturing (Philip T. Ripley) recently told his fellow citizens in a public meeting in Windsor that they could go on and increase their facilities for manufacturing without fear of injury from the tariff. The present tariff, he said, would not injure the business, and that the cry of ruin was not worthy of consideration! Such would be the exclamations of every man engaged in the business if facts and reason, instead of an untiring devotion to mere party interests, were allowed to exercise an influence upon their minds.—*Pittsburg Post.*

AMERICAN VOLUNTEER TACTICS.—A writer in the Montreal Courier, signing himself "A Briton," after giving vent to some effusions of national spleen at the success of the American arms in Mexico, thus refers to the operations and services of our light infantry in the field.

"An event occurred at the battle of Buena Vista which is worthy the especial attention of British connoisseurs in military matters. When Santa Anna's lancers charged the Mississippi regiment, Col. Davis threw his men, not into hollow square, but in the form of a V, opening towards the enemy, and in that way received the charge and repelled it. Such a movement is unknown to European tactics. But the use of the American rifle in American hands is also unknown to European tactics. In one of the recent battles in New Mexico, when a large force was defeated by some three hundred Americans, the riflemen were placed in the centre of a square, upon which the enemy's cavalry charged. Protected by infantry, the riflemen, with their deadly weapons, emptied saddles with wonderful rapidity. It is worthy of consideration by military men, whether a company or two of riflemen might not be judiciously attached to every infantry regiment, for the very purpose here illustrated. Each arm of the service is intended to act in co-operation with some other; each mutually giving and receiving support; and in this view, it would seem that the rifle and the bayonet might be efficiently associated."

"Were I a Mexican, I would greet you with bloody hands and hospitable graves." Such is the tory sentiment of Senator Corwin.—*Democratic Argus.*